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The Vaughn Foundry Co.
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Is what most people are looking for today, and the fellow who cannot give it is working under a strong handicap that applies to my business—STUMPING. I only ask for a chance to prove my ability to give it to you.

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We have some very pretty patterns of Jap. and China. Matting we are offering for

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BROWN & ROGERS, 27 Chestnut St.
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IF YOUR HORSE IS INSURED
AND DIES

you can laugh at the other fellow.

E. G. RAWSON, Agt.,
House 164-2, 227 Main St. Phone 559.
april 6d

DO IT NOW

is the best thing any property owner can do. Don't wait until cold, bad weather comes before making necessary repairs. If you have any work begin today by getting our figures.

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Three packages 25c, and a 5c box of candy free, this week only. may 1d

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MRS. G. P. STANTON,
oct 14d

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A FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS.

A Contrast—What Makes the Difference in Appearances—Who is to Blame for the Differences—Worry Makes Wrinkles and Doesn't Advance Crops—Points for Improvement.

(Written Specially for the Bulletin.)

Years ago I remember having seen a picture in one of the "funny papers" (7) representing two brothers. The one had stayed on the farm; the other had gone to the city. At twenty they had probably looked about as much alike as brothers are apt to; at seventy the city banker was plump, round, straight, clean-shaven and trimly dressed, while the rural farmer was thin, cadaverous, bent, shaggy and in old clothes with fearfully bagged trousers.

Manifestly this photograph did not represent their feelings and condition, mental and physical. It didn't tell whether the farmer had a good appetite and slept well at night, nor whether the banker had to live on tinned and tea and sleeping cottons. The picture told how they looked, only; what impress their lives have left on their outside. And, certainly, so far as this was, it was quite clear that the farmer had had a great deal the hardest time of it.

Can you tell me why this should have been so? I own up that it puzzles me a good deal. To be sure, the farmer is exposed to the elements more than the banker. He is out in rain and snow and buffeting winds. But so do his cows and his horses and his sheep, and it is very seldom that one of these gets bent and twisted with rheumatism, as he does. Moreover, he has the daily and nearly constant advantage of sweet, pure air, and fresh, pure water, and sound, good food; while the city man breathes a mixture of smoke and dust and tubercular germs, drinks pond water, and eats stunted food. The grocer and the butcher are not so good as the farmer. Nevertheless, the city man, as a rule, acquires a comfortable and pleasant countenance of face, and a generally "trim, pretty-well-thank you" manner, while the countryman is apt to accumulate a place of wrinkles, a careworn countenance, a bent back, a generally knobby and gnarled appearance all over.

Of course, there's a reason for this. Or, perhaps, putting it in the plural, there are various reasons for it. I've heard of it in a number of places, and what seems to me one explanation for the physical troubles of country people. They don't take advantage of the innumerable opportunities for health which their environment supplies. They dig their wells to catch surface drainage from manured fields or gardens; they let their cellars fill with decaying waste and seepage to breed noxious miasms; they shut their windows in Nature's face, which she is trying to give them good air. The city man is more apt to use fully the limited opportunities for health which his surroundings afford. He has a better chance, but he makes more of it. Then, too, I think that the medicine habit is less general and, therefore, less harmful in town than in country. Of course, there are "drug fiends" on the streets as well as along country roads. But the old-fashioned use of laudanum to keep well, or as a sort of substitute for sanitary living, flourishes in the country more than in the city, I think. And, drug-taking as a daily business, the pucker-lined faces of the forebodingly worn, the frayed and frizzled "rout ensemble." There must be something more to it.

Then, too, the countryman's external appearance is apt to be less trim than his city brother's, because his work is much of it in or with the soil. It is destructive to leather, to clothes, and he must wear rough clothes to fit his occupation. Moreover, they must be cheap because they wear out fast. This is one explanation of another difference in external appearance. But all these things do not explain the wrinkled and furrowed skin, the pucker-lined faces of the forebodingly worn, the frayed and frizzled "rout ensemble." There must be something more to it.

The longer I live the more I'm convinced that it's just simple worry that makes most of the marks on us. We begin to worry in the first of January by worrying over our wood supply; all turn up for fear we won't have enough for the winter. Then in February we begin to worry over the hay-mow, for fear it'll be a late spring and we won't have enough forage to carry the stock through. In March we worry because an ice jam or a freshet has cut the water back over our meadows and is likely to hurt the grass. In April we begin to worry because we

can't plow and sow and plant when we want to. In May and June and July and the rest of the months we worry about something else. It doesn't seem much difference what it is or when it is, we worry; get into a regular "stew," sometimes have what our wives call "convulsion fits."

Bless your dear hearts, don't I know how it goes! When I write this way I'm laughing myself as often as you. The same solon is in my blood. Why this very May morning, sunny and bright, but with a raw, gusty wind blowing after the long storm, I'm standing in a new crow's track on the northwest corner of my massive brow by worrying over the danger that the wind will break down my Lima bean poles, as it did last summer. And the Lima aren't even planted yet! Did anybody ever do anything sillier? Can I possibly charge any one of you with anything more absurd? Let me own up, frankly, that one object I have in writing this is to shame myself out of my own morbid foolishness. I haven't yet reached that state of moral perfection when I can strenuously let the gad go myself without wanting to advise the other fellow, just to have company in the discipline.

Now, what's the good of this sort of worrying? We know what annoyance it breeds; what good does it do? None, none at all. Mind you worry and fret and fight are two very different things. Webster defines fretting as "a provident care of the future; prudence in guarding against evil." That's a good thing, a necessary thing; indeed, the one essential thing upon which we co-workers with frisky Nature depend for all the success we can acquire out of the enforced partnership. We're simply got to look ahead and plan ahead; to plan for the future, to guard against them; to prepare for accidents; to make insurance of some sort against unpredictable chances. We need to use, in this, the same prudence and forethought that we use in guarding against them; to prepare for accidents; to make insurance of some sort against unpredictable chances. We need to use, in this, the same prudence and forethought that we use in guarding against them; to prepare for accidents; to make insurance of some sort against unpredictable chances.

We must be solicitous as regards our work and our outlook. But there's a big black line dividing due from undue solicitude, and we must be careful to keep those boundaries. For example, I've already got down a lot of strong, tough, hard-boiled and hickory saplings from the hill. I've sharpened them well. I'm going to make deep holes with a crowbar and stick them in at least six inches or eighteen inches into the ground. I'm going to tamp the dirt around them. I'm going to experiment with some by "wigwagging" them together in threes and lashing the tops to see if that old-fashioned plan will help them sustain themselves against the wind. I'm going to make a hole in the side of the hill, and I'm going to go down it, and I'm going to stop worrying! If the wind blows me down, down they'll go. If that's got to happen all my worrying won't stop it. If it is not going to happen all my worrying would be just wasted, anyway.

If a fellow could only shake himself out of himself, once in a while, so he could look at himself from the outside, what a lot he'd learn about himself that he doesn't know now! Figuratively speaking, it would be a mighty good thing to do. And, in some measure, we can all do it. Next time you get into one of your blue or yellow states, just grind the brakes right down, and try to look at yourself and your worriment as Bill Smith would look at them. Perhaps you may not quite like Bill Smith; he may not be your ideal of a farmer, or of a man. But just try, for two minutes, to look at yourself through his eyes. Or, if Bill is too impressively selfless, take old Grand-dad Fiddler's advice, and try your worriment as he looks at it. You'll be surprised to find how much of your worriment is just a waste of time.

You never gain anything by crossing a hedge before you come to it. When you arrive, look out for loose planks or rotten places, and steer clear of them. But the chances are twenty to one that there won't be any loose planks or rotten spots. Even if there are, it won't spike down the one nor hurt the other, nor will it be any harm, if you're sure of your feet, in trying over them a mile before you get to the creek. When a man has done all he can, the best he knows, it's time to unload some of the responsibility for results off his own shoulders, and let the rest of the universe take its share.

Conn. Sheep Breeding Association

Shearing Contest at farm of Samuel Russell, Jr., at Westfield Friday—A Boom in Sheep Industry.

There was a thoroughly representative gathering of up and coming progressive Connecticut farmers and sheep breeders present at Ridgewood, the 200 acre farm of Samuel Russell, Jr., at Westfield, in the town of Stafford, Friday, when for the first time since its organization, sixteen years ago, the Connecticut Sheep Breeders' association held a sheep shearing contest open to all residents of the state.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Russell, who is known as one of the fore-



J. B. PALMER USING SHEARING MACHINE.

most breeders of horned Dorset and Merino sheep in Connecticut, the association was furnished with an ideal place and under the most favorable conditions in which to hold such a contest. The shearing was supervised by the members of the association, and the results were as follows: Mr. Russell, who is known as one of the fore-



TWO EXPERTS, J. B. PALMER AND J. B. PALMER.

goody gathering alighted to meet with a cordial welcome from Mr. Russell, who was on hand with "buses and automobiles" and try to realize the dream of a sheep raising industry in a state so naturally adapted to it.

Following the refreshments E. H. Stadtmueller of Elmwood, Hartford, president of the Sheep Breeders' association, outlined the conditions of the contest, stating that \$50 in prize money was to be awarded, \$25 to the winner in each of the following classes: Class A, shorn sheep, under 17 years of age; Class B, shorn sheep, under 17 years of age; Class C, shorn sheep, under 17 years of age.



SHEEP BREEDERS AT RIDGEWOOD FARM.

contestants had the privilege of using either hand power Stuart machines, or the same make of machine driven by a Fairbanks-Morse engine which was to be awarded \$25, \$25 and \$25 to the winners in each of the following classes: Class A, shorn sheep, under 17 years of age; Class B, shorn sheep, under 17 years of age; Class C, shorn sheep, under 17 years of age.

The largest fleece for the day was sheared by E. D. Fitts, and it weighed 11 1/4 pounds. One of the interesting features to the sheep men was the use in connection with the Stuart shearing machine of a clipper never used in this country from Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. The parts of the clipper are carefully machined, and are interchangeable and its merits were demonstrated by an agent of the Sigmund Tool company

See All the Good Things
Baked in our new
Elmwood



C. O. Murphy, Norwich

LETTERS FROM TWO STATES.

(Continued from Third Column.)

today for their new home on Norfolk.

Mrs. Perry of Bolton was a guest of Mrs. Sylvester Sinner on Wednesday. Mrs. Anna Newman of Wallup was at B. N. Angell's on Sunday. C. Barrows delivered his 1000 crop of tobacco in Hartford on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Hall were called to Virginia on account of the death of Mrs. Hall's mother.

BOLTON.

Good Attendance at Grange Entertainment—Personals.

Mrs. Mary Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Ruggles of Springfield, have been guests of Mrs. Francis E. Ruggles the past week. Mr. and Mrs. Ames Clement have moved to their farm on Brewster street, Coventry.

There was a good audience at the entertainment given by the grange on Tuesday evening. The programme consisted of music and a drama entitled "Her Weekly Allowance." Mrs. Emily Fordyce of Bolton is with Mrs. Mary D. Carpenter for the summer.

W. George Flanagan gave a dinner to a party of friends in the brick hall last week Thursday evening. New York relatives are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Andrew E. Maneglia.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Eaton were guests of Springfield friends the first of the week. William J. Maxwell of Hartford spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Anna N. Maxwell.

Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Perry are entertaining guests from Springfield.

SOUTH COVENTRY.

Sale of Rowboats and Launches on the Lake—Philip H. Boynton Off for California.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nichols of Willimantic are occupying Mrs. Walter's house at present. Mr. and Mrs. William A. Tracy are to move to the house lately occupied by Dr. Louis L. Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wood are visiting their daughter in Bristol, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Lattimer have moved to the Marcy house, which Mr. Lattimer recently purchased.

An addition has been built to the dancing pavilion at Lakeside park. L. W. Daniels has purchased the lumber and plans for this new addition.

Run by Capt. L. E. Wadsworth on Lake Waquoit for the past two seasons. Starts for Golden State.

Philip H. Boynton, who has been employed in New Haven, spent a few days at his home here this week. Wednesday he left for California where he may locate. He will be accompanied by his cousin, Fred Boynton of Branford.

WASHINGTON COUNTY, R. I.

HOPKINTON.

Meeting of School Committee—Session of Town Council—Probate Business.

At the monthly meeting of the school committee at the home of the secretary, Miss Clara A. Oliver at Hopkinton, Monday morning, all the members were present. Bills were ordered paid to the amount of \$11.32. The secretary reported all the annual returns from the schools in town filed in her office. The annual report of the committee is a priority. The secretary is to be printed and presented to the taxpayers at the annual financial town meeting May 20th, was read and accepted.

Nathan E. Lewis, administrator of the estate of Amos J. Nichols, all were referred to June 1, with order of notice. The annual convention adjourned to May 14 in the afternoon, when they will canvass the voting list for the financial town meeting.

Probate Business.

The council as a probate court received the inventory of the estate of Mary C. Briggs, deceased. A petition for the appointment of a guardian of the person and estate of John F. Briggs, the wife of Mary F. Bond and Sarah H. Kenyon, and the final account of Nathan E. Lewis, administrator of the estate of Amos J. Nichols, all were referred to June 1, with order of notice.

Storm Delays Burial.

The burial of Mrs. Noyes D. Wheel-er was postponed on account of the severe storm from Friday to Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, when her remains were laid away beside those of her husband in Oak Grove cemetery, Ashaway.

Rev. E. P. Mathewson and family were in Westery on business Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Clarke of North Stonington were in town Sunday.



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